THE

LIONS ELEGY,

OR

Verses on the Death of the three Lions in the TOWER.

25. Feb. 168⅘

THree Lions dead! O strange! O strange! What then?
And must not Lions dye as well as Men?
But 'tis prodigious, and hence some Divine,
That Monarchy will fall, or else decline.
That we once more shall be without a King,
And in his Room a *Common-Wealth* shall spring.
Let not such Thoughts trouble a wise Man's Head,
The Lion, *Charles* the Second, is not dead;
He still survives, and lives within his Stall,
Whil'st th' others by the hand of Fate did fall.
Against our Sense let us not vainly strive,
Since *Charles* is safe, and still preserv'd alive;
We doubt not, but it must be understood,
The Omen to the King and us is good.
Old *Charles* is dead, who liv'd to a fair Age,
In Peace, and undisturb'd march'd off the Stage;
Like the Mogul he parted with his Throne,
Who (as 'tis said) does never die alone;
But marches to the other World in State,
Whilst dying Friends and Servants on him wait.
And thus old *Charles* like the Mogul is fled,
And Fate to attend him, the Queens and Dukes struck dead,
You, who do Superstition so cry down,
Ben't superstitious now against the *Crown*,
Let not the spitefull, pervert Nature Laws,
And turn to poyson, every natural *Cause*;
Let not the wicked's hopes revive again,
That Mongrel *Curs*, or wild *Bulls* here shall Reign,
Or that the hundred-headed *Hydra* shall,
Into the Royal *Seat* of Monarchs crawle.
To break that vain imaginary spell,
Still *Charles* the second is alive and well.
But if we needs must superstitious be,
And their Deaths call Omen, or a prodegie;
Interpret thus the Augurie with me.
The Lions, Queens and Dukes, are dead and gon,
To attend old *Charles*, and left alive the *Son*,
Therefore your Fears and Jealousies lay by,
It shews in *England* Popery shall dye:
The Queen and Duke will ne're that power win,
To bring their own or *Rome*'s Religion in
And if design'd, e're it accomplish'd be,
The Duke and Queen themselves we dead may see;
And our good King, survivour of the three.
God bless his Life, and send him long to Reign,
And send us Peace and happy days again:
Which we prognosticate will surely be,
If King and Parliament in Love agree.

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